

ANOTHER BRITISH SUCCESS ON THE ROAD TO KUT.

DAILY SKETCH.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1916.

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ONE HALFPENNY.

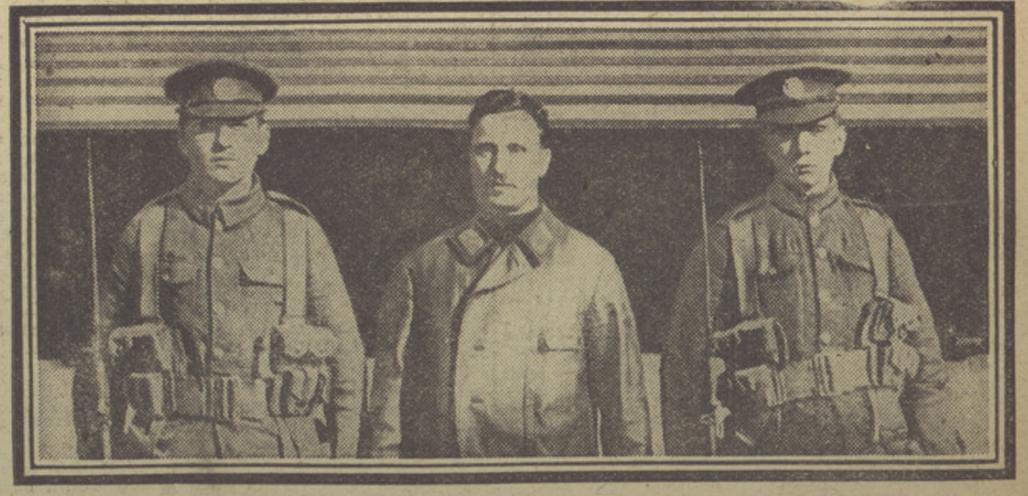
THE MEN WHO KILLED ENGLISH BABIES—First Photographs Of The Captured Crew Of L 15.



Ober-Lieut. Kuhne, the second in command, was formerly a resident of Golder's Green, and has a sister still living in England.

One of the warrant officers. He says English tea is better than German rations.

Capt. Breithaupt, who has taken part in three air raids on England, wearing the Iron Cross and ribbon of the Merit Order.



Another of the L15's warrant officers. He had helped to navigate the Zeppelin.

A leading mechanic of the L15. His duty was to tend the airship's engines.

Official photographs of the officers and warrant officers of the Zeppelin L15 brought down in the Thames estuary by our anti-aircraft gunners. The men are now prisoners of war in the hands of the British military authorities.

COMPULSION FOR THE YOUTHS OF EIGHTEEN.

Important Cabinet Decision Reached Last Night.

TRAINING UNTIL 19.

Lord Derby's Ideal: "Every Available Man."

THE ONLY TEST: NECESSITY.

The *Daily Sketch* learns on good authority that the Cabinet has come to the decision to amend the Compulsory Service Act so as to make it apply to all youths as soon as they reach the age of 18.

These young men will be in the same position as the present Class 1 under the Act—they will be trained at home, and will not be called upon for foreign service until they reach the age of 19.

Yesterday's Cabinet Council was almost a full meeting of Ministers. Mr. Lloyd George was well enough to be present. Before the meeting Lord Knollys, the King's Private Secretary, lunched with the Prime Minister.

COMMON SENSE AND RECRUITING.

Lord Derby again took the country into his confidence in a great speech at the Guildhall yesterday, when he was elected President of the Municipal Corporations Association.

His chief points, in summarised form, were:—

My ideal in starting my campaign was to obtain every available man.

Military necessity is the only standpoint from which the question of compulsion or voluntarism can be considered by the Government.

The facts can only be given and the decision reached on the floor of the House of Commons.

The country will give Mr. Asquith anything he may ask if military necessity demands it. To enrol every single man would absolutely ruin the industries of the country.

Lord Derby said there were times when a certain bitterness of soul arose, and one wondered whether the criticisms and more that one received for doing what one supposed to be one's duty made it really worth the trouble of doing one's duty at all. (Hear, hear.)

But it was worth it—(cheers)—because such a tribute as they had given him showed him of what little value were the calumnies and how great was the confidence that they were good enough to place in him.

MEN, MONEY, MUNITIONS.

He had been asked how many men he wanted to get when he started his campaign.

He set out to get every available man in this country. (Hear, hear.)

He said advisedly "every available man" because he hoped they would remember that there were three things that were imperative if we were going to win.

They were men, money, and munitions, and they were equally valuable.

The man was no good without munitions, and neither existed without the money; and by the money he meant the industries of this country.

Some people said, "Why don't you take all the single men?"

He could not imagine any man being so foolish as to believe that really possible.

No man who called himself a patriot could do anything but weigh, and weigh as closely as he could, in the balance the claims of the two great demands—industry, on the one side, and the Army and the Navy on the other.

RESIGNATION A BETRAYAL.

If he had left his duty at any time he would have betrayed his trust. (Hear, hear.)

If universal service were to come in this country it must be approached from only one standpoint, and that was the military necessity of the case. (Hear, hear.)

Compulsion could not be imposed merely for compulsion's sake; but he believed the country would consider itself bound to give to Mr. Asquith anything further that he might ask provided that the military necessity of the case justified the demand.

That was what was going to be fought out on the floors of the two Houses of Parliament next week, and he hoped the Government would give to both Houses all the information they had at their disposal.

The association—which represents every important local governing body in the country—presented Lord Derby with a testimonial appreciating his services.

M.P.'S GIFT TO PRISONERS OF WAR

With a fund of £3,000, which he has created out of his Parliamentary salary together with a personal gift, Sir Arthur Markham is sending each week a large consignment of food parcels to English and Russian prisoners of war in Germany.

TWO QUEENS AT DRURY LANE WAR MATINEE.

Miss Olga Nethersole Sets Seal On Charitable Efforts.

AN ARTISTIC RECORD.

By Mrs. Gossip.

Queen Mary, Queen Alexandra, Princess Mary, Prince Henry, and Prince George were present at yesterday's matinee at Drury Lane in aid of the Y.W.C.A. fund for munition and other women war workers.

Queen Alexandra, who was accompanied by Princess Victoria, arrived a few minutes before Queen Mary. Looking wonderfully well in a blue sequin cloak and black toque, and carrying a bouquet of pink carnations, Queen Alexandra smiled and bowed in appreciation of the applause with which the crowded audience welcomed her.

Princess Victoria wore black and an ermine stole. There was an interesting scene at the meeting of the two Queens. An exclamation of delight came from Queen Mary as she entered the Royal box, and she and Queen Alexandra stood for a few seconds with hands clasped as they expressed their greetings.

What Queen Mary Wore.

Queen Mary, who looked a little thinner, wore a becoming gown of tête-de-nègre edged with skunk and a toque composed of various coloured leaves. With her were Princess Mary, Prince Henry and Prince George.

Near the Royal box I noticed Lady Randolph Churchill with her little grandson, Randolph, who was dressed in a sailor suit and saluted the Duchess of Marlborough in seamanlike style. Mrs. Winston Churchill, in navy-blue and cerise, was also there.

Dom Mancel, accompanied by his equerry, was in the stalls. Lady St. Oswald, in black velvet and fox furs, brought a number of wounded soldiers, whose blue uniforms harmonised with the blue overalls of the munition workers waiting to give their turn, the last of a long programme.

The Duke of Hamilton, Mrs. Lloyd George and her daughter Megan, Lady Maude Warrender, Mrs. John Astor (in a fur coat and Wedgwood-blue toque) and the Countess Zia Torby (who was wearing a gown exactly like the one worn by Mrs. Winston Churchill) were in the stalls.

Titled Programme-Sellers.

Among the programme-sellers were the Countess of Clonmell, who looked very handsome in black and an ermine stole, the Hon. Joan Dickson-Poynder, Lady Mainwaring, in black and white with a large black velvet hat decorated by two enormous ospreys, the Hon. Bridget Colebrooke, and Miss Doris Keane (from whom I bought my programme), in white cloth, with a chinchilla collar and an adorable silver tissue toque, covered with marabout feathers.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, in floating royal blue robes, made an impressive figure as she supported herself against a large chair, and recited with wonderful vigour "The Prayer For Our Enemies." She was accorded overwhelming applause when a Boy Scout knelt before her and presented her with a huge laurel wreath tied with the tri-colour, which she accepted with evident emotion.

"The New Word," by Barrie, was a delightful item, in which O. B. Clarence and Owen Nares played wonderfully well.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who wore a lovely frock of cloud-grey tulle over shell-pink, recited with her usual charm, and George Robey's turn delighted the young Princes.

Then there was the new play by Barrie, "Shakespeare's Legacy," in which Gerald du Maurier, Lily Elsie, Grace Lane, and Stella Campbell appeared.

The Great Tableaux.

It was very late in the day when the last item in the wonderfully elaborate and extended programme was reached. This was a series of topical tableaux called "Through Toil to Victory," in which half a hundred women who are working on munitions were associated with a number of distinguished women artistes.

The tableaux carried the audience from the munition factory to the battlefield. Mr. Louis N. Parker was responsible for the production, which had a fitting finale in the singing of "Land of Hope and Glory" by Mme. Kirby-Lunn. Among the artistes who took part were Miss Viola Tree (as Belgium), Miss Lillian Braithwaite (as Italy), and Miss Lillah McCarthy (as Great Britain). Mr. Julius Harrison wrote the music for the piece and conducted.

In these days of successful war matinees, an exorbitant demand is made upon the organising abilities of the promoters of theatrical enterprises of this kind to establish anything in the nature of a record. Whether Miss Olga Nethersole achieved the object to which she had bent her energies for many days the balance-sheet will shortly show.

But if the financial record was not passed, in every other respect her matinee set the seal on charitable efforts of the kind. From an artistic point of view the matinee was the last word in completeness and presentation.

STRIKERS FLOUT THE ULTIMATUM.

Croydon Corporation tramwaymen who are on strike have paid no heed to the notice that unless they returned to work yesterday they would be regarded as having left the service, and the corporation will hold a meeting on Monday to consider whether the dispute shall be referred to arbitration.

Mr. McKenna has promised to consider suggestions made by the West End theatre managers for the better working of the entertainments tax.

MORE MERRIMENT AT KINGSTON BARRACKS.

Conscientious Percy Reverts To His Blanket And Girdle.

REGIMENTAL BARBER BUSY.

From Our Special Correspondent.

KINGSTON, Friday.

Percy, our pet conscientious objector, is giving an encore turn at the barracks to-day.

Yesterday, it will be remembered, he discarded the patriarchal Army blanket, with which he had protected his classic form from the elements, for the King's khaki and ammunition boots. In fact, he then gave every indication of becoming, after he had made his speech to a district court-martial, a good soldier of the Crown.

But this morning, when Percy awoke from his night's sleep, his histrionic talent provoked him to do another "turn" and to refuse to don the country's badge of honour. Even the stentorian cries of the room-corporal to "Double-up for parade!" failed to galvanise Percy, and when he did dress himself it was in the Army blanket, the girdle, and the ammunition boots.

Spirit Willing But Feet Weak.

For, unlike those of anchorites of old, Percy's poor feet cannot bear contact with the hard, official gravel on the barrack square. There are sermons in stones, and those at the depot appear to have touched Percy's conscience more than anything else.

Of course, when Percy crossed the barrack square so quaintly garbed, and looking as cheerful as a regimental goat condemned to death for butting the colonel, his fellow-conscripts smiled. But when the news got round that that morning Percy was to be introduced to Snips, the regimental barber, the merriment was almost unbounded.

Told his Samson-like locks had got to fall beneath the blades of the barber's scissors, Percy became reckless. "You may shave me," he is alleged to have exclaimed, "but never, never must you cut my hair."

Percy Has His Hair Cut.

Alas! for Percy. After the shave, during the process of which he kept as rigid as a rock, the barber, with the aid of a few assistants, forcibly cut the poor lad's hair. Percy emerged from the operation unscathed and apparently seemed all the better for the operation.

But don his nice uniform Percy would not. And the sergeants were equally resolved not to dress him again. Chewing at the end of his blanket, Percy was led across the barrack square to his quarters and the latest news is that so long as the enemy fires real bullets Percy intends to stick to the blanket.

WOUNDED FOUR TIMES.

Lancashire Territorial's Crawl Under Heavy Fire To Help Comrade.

A special supplement to the *London Gazette* records the award of ten D.S.O.s, 37 Military Crosses, and 138 Distinguished Conduct Medals.

During an enemy attack, Private W. Gibson, 1st/5th Territorial Battalion Royal Lancaster Regiment, crawled, under heavy fire, to the aid of a wounded man. Later he carried a message to a



PRV. R. W. BURGESS.



PTE. WM. GIBSON.

post two miles away and was four times wounded. He belongs to Fleetwood, and is still in hospital. He has won the D.C.M.

In difficult circumstances and under heavy fire Acting-Corporal R. W. Burgess, 7th (Service) Battalion, East Surrey Regiment, maintained a trench-mortar battery in action and by his example achieved great results. He also has been awarded the D.C.M.

WOMEN ARRESTED FOR BEING WELL DRESSED.

Bavarian Police Made Judges Of Fashionable Propriety.

AMSTERDAM, Friday.

The Munich commandant yesterday issued an order giving power to the police to arrest women who are very fashionably dressed.

Conspicuous dress, it was stated, meant waste, which was not permissible in war time. The first arrest occurred within two hours of the issue of the order, the lady belonging to one of the best military families in Bavaria.

She was taken to the police headquarters, but was released after a few hours' detention with a warning to dress in a more simple fashion.

The Munich papers are unanimous in their protest against the order, under which the police are made the judges of women's fashions and propriety in dress.

The issue of the order has caused amusement throughout Germany.—Exchange.

TRUE STORY OF LORD CLANRICARDE'S LIFE.

Peer To Whom Stale Scones And Crumpets Were Luxuries.

NEVER RODE IN A TAXI

But Surrounded Himself With Pictures Worth A Fortune.

The true story of the solitary life spent in London by Lord Clanricarde, whose death was announced in yesterday's *Daily Sketch*, makes strange reading. Not only was he "the loneliest peer"; he was, so far as creature comforts go, the most frugal of his kind.

Crumpets and stale scones, with an occasional chop or steak, he counted among the luxuries of a dietary suited to the most simple tastes. He was never known to take alcohol, and his only real extravagance in the way of personal comforts was an occasional cigar, out of which he was careful to get the full measure of enjoyment.

The economical peer knew better than many smokers that a cigar smoked out of doors has twice the fragrance of one smoked indoors, and whenever at night he returned to his chambers after a solitary outing he never crossed the threshold until he had extracted the last puff from the stump of his cigar.

For forty years he occupied chambers on what is known as the Albany Estate—a huge block of apartments which fills a triangular space between Piccadilly and Savile-row. Leading to the main entrance is a courtyard, which the lonely peer used to patrol until his cigars were exhausted.

TOOK A CAB—FOR HIS VALET.

During all the forty years he occupied those chambers—he gave them up five years ago and took rooms in Hanover-square—he never left or returned to them in a cab.

Only once a year was a taxi chartered on his behalf. That was when he took his summer holiday. Even then he never enjoyed the luxury of the ride for which he had to pay—the taxi took his luggage and his valet to the station. The marquis either walked or took a penny 'bus.

Besides his valet, the peer had a housekeeper while he was at the Albany. For his own use he had just a living room and a bedroom, with bathroom attached. The two other rooms which completed the suite were occupied by the two servants.

Though his tastes in food and dress were spartan, the marquis surrounded himself with the costliest luxuries of the painter's and the potter's art. His rooms were filled with pictures more than sufficient for the walls of a mansion.

LIKE AN ANTIQUE DEALER'S SHOP.

Paintings worth thousands of pounds were piled on edge on the floors of his living room and bedroom. At least one of these pictures is valued at over £10,000.

Nearly the whole of the small hall leading to his rooms was occupied by a cabinet of ample dimensions, filled with the costliest specimens of Spode, Crown Derby and other expensive ware.

What room there was for furniture was taken up by articles of a costly kind, and the marquis's desire for the old style gave his apartments the appearance of a well-stocked antique dealer's shop rather than the home of a rich peer.

FOUR MISSING GERMANS.

Early Morning Escape From Prisoners' Camp In Wales.

Four German soldiers, prisoners of war, escaped from Frongoch Camp, Merionethshire, early yesterday morning. They are described thus by Scotland Yard:—

Private Julius Bernard Koch (22); height, 6ft. 6ins.; clean shaven; brown hair; blue eyes; fresh complexion; dress, German uniform, dark grey greatcoat with blue patch in back.

Corporal Heinrich Brinkmann (24); height, 5ft. 9ins.; fair hair; imperial beard; blue eyes; fresh complexion; dress, brown corduroy trousers, blue patch in waist, German uniform jacket and greatcoat.

Private Hans Schaeinherr (21); height, 5ft. 7ins.; brown hair; clean shaven; grey eyes; pale complexion; dress, brown corduroy trousers, blue patch in waist, grey uniform jacket, and grey greatcoat with blue patch in back.

Private Wilhelm Arenkens (23); height, 6ft. 1ins.; brown hair and moustache; grey eyes; fresh complexion; dress, brown corduroy trousers, with blue patch in waist, grey uniform jacket and grey military coat; wearing pince-nez glasses.

None of the men speaks fluent English.

COMING HOME TO WED.



First Air Mechanic W. Figgins, R.F.C., is shortly coming home on special leave to marry Miss Dorothy E. Lyon, of the Cloisters, Temple.



Mr. Walter Van Noorden, managing director of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, died yesterday in Halifax, aged 50.

AMERICA'S DECISION: EXPECTED BREACH WITH GERMANY.

BRITISH THREE MILES NEARER KUT.

Progress On South Bank Across Flooded Belt.

ENEMY DRIVEN BACK.

"Heavily Punished As They Took Refuge From The Water."

GENERAL KEARY'S FEAT.

From the War Office.

Friday Afternoon

General Lake reports that on the afternoon of April 12 (Wednesday) our forces on the right (south) bank of the Tigris forced back the enemy's advanced lines over a distance varying from one and a half to three miles.

In order to do so, they had to cross an inundated belt intersected by deep cuts, from 500 to 1,200 yards wide, extending from the Tigris to the Umm-el-Brahm marsh. [See map.]

On the left (north) bank the water from the marshes was driven by a north-west gale into some of the enemy's trenches at Sanna-i-Yat.

The enemy were heavily punished as they took refuge from the flood in their new position.

General Goringe's force is operating on the north bank of the Tigris. General Keary is on the south bank. General Sir Percy Lake is in charge of all the operations.



GENERAL KEARY
(Commander south bank of Tigris).
—(Photo: Lallie Charles.)

General Townshend is in command of the besieged British force in Kut.

This new advance has been made by General Keary's troops.

Previous to this General Goringe had taken by storm the Turkish positions at Umm-al-Hannah and Falahiyah, respectively 20 and 15 miles from Kut.

He had failed to take the Turkish entrenchments at Sanna-i-Yat, where the enemy falsely boasted that he counted 3,000 British dead.

There are gaps between the floods, and through these the hard-worked troops are pushing towards Es-Sinn, the strongest and last position, seven miles from Kut.

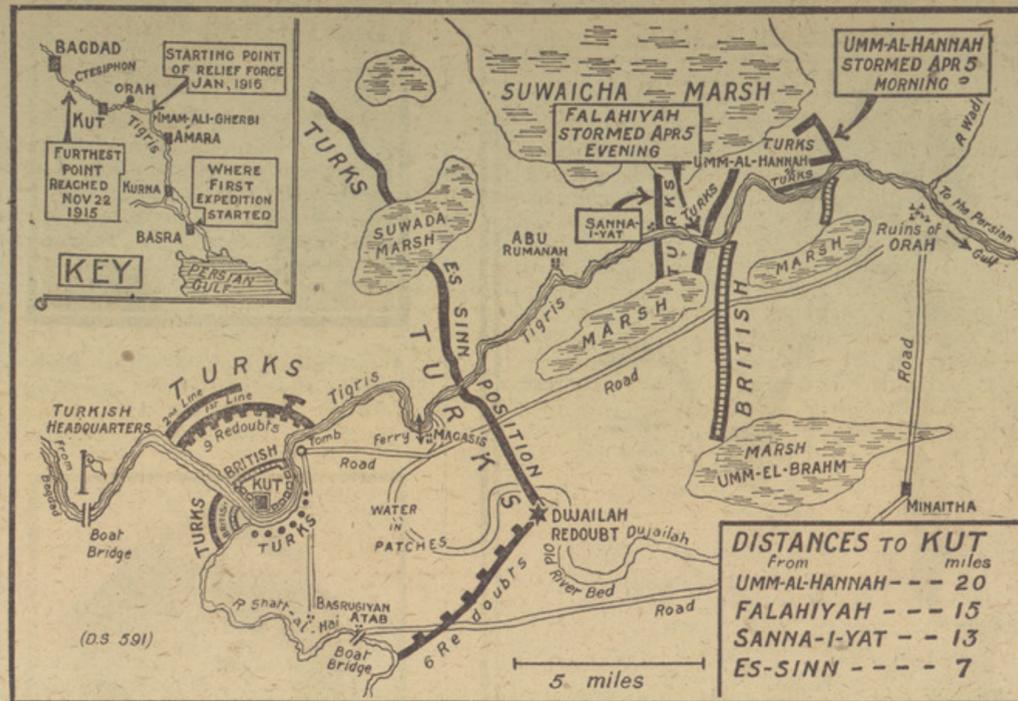
Kut will not be relieved until Es-Sinn has been stormed or rendered untenable.

BRITISH LINE EXTENDING.

Turkish Official News.

Friday.

Irak [Mesopotamia] Front.—No change is reported. The enemy is engaged in extending his fortifications.



SUCCESSFUL BRITISH RAID ON GERMAN TRENCHES.

Enemy's Positions Damaged By Mines And Bombardment.

British Official News.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE.

Friday, 10.23 p.m.

By exploding mines east of Vermelles yesterday evening we did considerable damage to the enemy's position, and drew heavy but ineffective artillery reply.

Early this morning our artillery carried out a successful bombardment in the neighbourhood of Souchez.

During the night a small party raided the German front line trenches north-west of Lens, and killed some of the occupants before withdrawing on completion of their mission.

VERDUN: ARTILLERY FIRE ONLY.

German Works In The Argonne Damaged By French Batteries.

French Official News.

PARIS, Friday, 11 p.m.

In the Argonne our batteries were active in the region of St. Hubert, where German works were damaged, as well as against the enemy roads and ways in the region of Montfaucon-Malancourt.

To the west of the Meuse in the course of the day both artilleries were active in the region of Mort Homme.

To the east of the Meuse our second lines were bombarded, and there were some artillery salvos in the Woivre.

To the west of Pont-a-Mousson we dispersed convoys on the road from Essey to Monsard.—Reuter.

Friday Afternoon.

On the left bank of the Meuse [Paris side], in the course of the night, there was a violent bombardment of our first line to the west of Hill 304.

On the right bank of the Meuse [towards Germany] the Germans launched a small attack at the close of yesterday against our positions to the south of Douaumont [five miles north-east of Verdun].

It was completely repulsed.

HUNS WATCHING ANXIOUSLY.

They Hope Our By-Elections Will Reveal Evidence Of Discontent.

"In view of Sir Stuart Coats' address and Sir Arthur Holland's wholehearted support, to encourage disunion just now is a breach of truce and little short of crime. I know you can win smashing majority, and only wish I could be with my friends to help it, but, alas, impossible just now," ran a message from Mr. Chaplin read at a Wimbledon election meeting last night.

Sir Stuart Coats said he did not object to fair criticism, but he did object to questions in the House which gave information to the enemy, to the headlines in newspapers which suggested that we were depressed or frightened by developments we had to face. The wonder was that we had been able to deal with the difficulties as well as we had.

It was the cheapest and easiest thing in the world to criticise. Any sore-head, any man who had not received an appointment, any crank, had an opportunity to attack the Government. There were ways of doing things much better without weakening and annoying the heads of the nation.

Sir Stuart said he had received a letter from Professor Pollard, of University College, in which the Professor said the German newspapers anxiously watched British by-elections for signs of discontent, adding "Your defeat would be hailed as a German victory or as an encouragement to Germany to persist in the struggle."

RUSSIAN OFFENSIVE IN GALICIA.

Austrians Admit Withdrawal "To Our Main Position."

Evidence is found in the latest messages from Petrograd and Vienna of an important Russian offensive in the Bukovina and Eastern Galicia, in which our Ally is making steady progress.

Last night's official statement from Petrograd contained the following:—

In the region of the mouth of the Strypa our troops carried the height called the Tomb of Popoff and the trenches further to the south of that point. Two enemy counter-attacks to recapture the lost sector were repulsed by us with heavy losses to the enemy.

According to reports up to the present we took more than a hundred prisoners, including five officers in this engagement.

The Austrian official statement of yesterday's date makes special reference to heavy artillery fire on the Lower Strypa, the Dniester and north-east of Czernovitz, the capital of the Bukovina.

In some parts heavy outpost fighting developed, and Vienna admits that "in most of the southern part of the battlefield we withdrew the garrison from the advanced redoubts to our main position."

TORPEDOED: 21 MEN MISSING.

British Crew All Night On The Ocean In An Open Boat.

Twenty-one members of the crews of two torpedoed steamers are reported missing.

Sixteen members of the crew of the steamer Chick were landed yesterday. They state that their vessel, which was unarmed, was torpedoed on Thursday morning, and sank. A boat containing eight other members of the crew and the captain is missing.

Captain Charleston, of the Aberdeen barque Inverlyon (1,600 tons), was landed yesterday morning with 11 members of the crew, their vessel having been sunk. The survivors had been 35 hours in an open boat without any food except a few hard biscuits. Two lifeboats were launched, the captain and 11 men going in one and the chief officer and 11 more men in the other.

After being on the ocean all night they lost sight of the chief officer's boat, and never saw her afterwards.

THEN AND NOW.

Four years ago the Titanic was sunk by an iceberg, and the Kaiser suggested the calling of an international conference to prevent the repetition of such an appalling calamity. Yesterday a Berlin official telegram claimed that 80 merchantmen, of a total of 207,000 tons, were sunk by German submarines or mines during March. This total included the Sussex, a cross-Channel steamer, carrying women and children and non-belligerents.

IF A DERBY HAD BEEN GREEK KING.

Proposing Lord Derby's health at a luncheon at the Mansion House yesterday, the Lord Mayor alluded to the story that one of Lord Derby's ancestors was once offered the throne of Greece, and wondered whether, in the interests of this country, it would have been better for Lord Derby to have been King of the Hellenes.

Lord Derby said he had never quite got to the truth of the legend, but he rather believed his uncle (his father's elder brother) was "sounded" in the matter. Whether his uncle was right or wrong in his decision, Lord Derby was quite sure that if he had gone to Greece there would have been no question now of Greek neutrality.

5 a.m. Edition.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S DECISION.

Final Demand For Evidence Of Germany's Good Faith.

NOTE WITHIN 48 HOURS.

It was officially stated at Washington last night that President Wilson has determined on his course of action towards Germany and that he will announce his decision within 24 hours, says an Exchange Washington message.

The Associated Press correspondent in Washington (Reuter's New York correspondent says) telegraphs that President Wilson and the Cabinet, it is understood, have agreed that the presentation of cumulative proofs of submarine violations will be forwarded, probably within 48 hours, and will be accompanied by a definite and final demand for evidence of Germany's good faith and for observance of her guarantees.

DERIDED BY GERMANS.

These statements gain in significance from the fact that the President only received yesterday the official German excuses for the sinking of the Channel steamer Sussex and from a speech delivered on Thursday night. The Note was greeted with derision by the greater part of the German Press.

It is believed that if the President decides on rejecting the German excuses he will hand Count Bernstorff his passports, and leave Germany to declare war or not as she prefers.

Actual hostilities are out of the question, but America could cut off supplies and seize the many German liners lying in New York harbour.

APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE

President Wilson, speaking at a banquet of democrats from all parts of the country (a Reuter Washington telegram says), said he prayed that the U.S. would not be drawn into a quarrel which was not of its own choosing; but he asked if the people were ready to go in where the interests of America were coincident with the interests of humanity, and if they would have the courage to withdraw where [?when] the interests of humanity were conserved.

The President was interrupted with cheers and shouts of "Yes."

AN ULTIMATUM?

Opinions in newspaper circles differ as to whether the Note partakes of the nature of an ultimatum.

The usually well-informed Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post* says it will, and that the text has been tentatively drawn by Mr. Lansing and submitted to the Cabinet, which has approved it. The correspondent adds that the Note demands from Germany the final abandonment of her submarine warfare as affecting neutrals, under penalty of diplomatic rupture.

FATE OF SHACKLETON'S SHIP CAUSES ANXIETY.

Expected At End Of March But No News Of Her Yet.

BUENOS AYRES, Thursday.

Anxiety is being felt here in regard to the non-arrival of the *Endurance*, the ship which took Sir Ernest Shackleton and his party down to the Weddell Sea for the commencement of their great march across the Antarctic continent, and was expected to report here the last week in March. A heavy mail awaits her.

Neither Messrs. Houlder, the well-known ship-owners, nor the management of the Marconi station here have received any news of her at all.

A captain in the employ of the Argentine Fishing Company, who knows the Antarctic seas, says that if Sir Ernest Shackleton has succeeded in crossing the Pole, the *Endurance* should have left her winter quarters in the Weddell Sea in February for South Georgia.

If Sir Ernest Shackleton failed in his attempt to cross the Antarctic continent he has probably returned to the winter quarters, and embarked on board the *Endurance* in February in order to return to South America by way of South Georgia. Weather conditions in the Falkland Islands and South Georgia within the last weeks are described as comparatively good.—Reuter.

[If the *Endurance* does not arrive by the first week in May, it must be concluded either that a disaster has overtaken her or that she has been caught in the ice, and is drifting as the *Deutschland* (the Filchner Expedition ship) did in 1912. It is felt that steps towards a relief expedition should be commenced not later than the beginning of May.]



Miss Helen Ritchie, who is marrying on April 27 Captain P. M. Mackenzie, Gordon Highlanders, son of Count de Serra Largo.—(Rita Martin.)



Miss Margaret S. Barclay, who is to marry Mr. W. H. Dyke Acland, 1st Devon Yeomanry, the elder son of Admiral Sir W. Dyke Acland, C.V.O.—(Rita Martin.)



Miss Elspeth Kingan, the fiancée of Brig.-General H. R. Done, D.S.O.

FATHER IS WOUNDED



The Hon. Mrs. R. Bethell and her little son, Richard, Lieut. the Hon. R. Bethell, the heir of Baron Westbury, has been wounded in action.—(Val L'Estrange.)



A new photograph of Miss Betty Rawdon-Hastings, who is marrying Lord St. Davids on April 27.—(Bassano.)



Miss Mary Penelope Noel, only daughter of Admiral Noel, is engaged to Lieut. G. B. Atkinson, 3rd Northumberland Fusiliers.—(Swaine.)

THE HUNS HOPE TO MAKE THEM LITTLE GERMANS.



As soon as the Germans seize any territory they endeavour to thoroughly Germanise the population. These are Russian children, who have fallen into their hands. The poor little ones are compelled to attend lessons in the German language.

LITTLE SOUTH AFRICANS HELP NAVY DAY.



These two little South Africans did their share on Navy Day in Durban. The girl herself collected £60. Though the day was wet, over £3,000 was raised.

TENNIS CHAMPION TO WED.



Capt. C. J. Tindell-Green, A.S.C., the holder of the Irish lawn tennis championship, who is to marry Miss Norah A. Bishop.



Think Of Your Complexion

before going out on a boisterous day, think of the after effects of the biting wind and raw atmosphere—the discomfort and discoloration—unless precautions are taken beforehand.

BEETHAM'S La-rola

applied regularly to the face and hands is the most efficient safeguard against injury to the complexion from keen weather. It is neither greasy nor sticky and is easily absorbed by the skin. Keep a bottle in your bathroom. You will find it an indispensable boon.

In bottles, 1/2, from all Chemists and Stores.

M. BEETHAM & SON CHELTENHAM, ENG.

PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly IMPROVED by a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM" which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-

"ECONOMISE!"

The Prime Minister.

Everyone is asked to economise. The food of moderate price that has no waste in it, is, in the best sense, an economy.

Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour

is such a food. It adds refinement to the flavour of every dish cooked with it, and it is equally useful for sweets, soups, nutritious sauces, and savouries.

Cookery-book coupon in all packets.

Sold in 1 lb., 1/2 lb., and 3/4 lb. pkts.—the 1 lb. size is the most economical.



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Mr. B. J. WALKER, 42, Halsey St., Lennox Gardens, London, S.W.

THE SECRET WAR.

FROM August, 1914, down to the present moment Germany has kept two wars going with equal intensity. And her secret war has been at least as skilful and as stupid as the other. The secret war has two main branches—(1) spying, (2) the poisoning of opinion in Allied and neutral countries. The bomb outrages in America, though in a class by themselves, may be taken to fall into class two. The submarine outrages, however, are so like the bomb outrages in character and the purpose of both is so similar to that of the air raids, that it is hard to say where the secret war ends and the other begins.

BUT it is plain that as the success of the German arms has grown less and less likely, the secret war has widened in scope and increased in intensity. Officers of the German General Staff do not disdain to communicate to the diplomatic representatives of neutral countries lying reports of the present state of the war and the aims of the combatants. Here is a staff officer, for example, at the old game of praising one Ally at the expense of the other. (This time it is our air service that is ridiculed and the French exalted, a little while ago it was the other way round.) The stupid English cannot grasp the fact that "if we have not yet won this war we cannot now lose it." "Gone is the dream of England that we can be conquered on land, or that Germany can be invaded, and we smile when we recall Lord Curzon's prophecy of the peanons of the Bengal Lancers fluttering . . . in the Under den Linden." Well, let them smile! He laughs best who laughs last, Hochwohlgeborn!

MEANWHILE, I venture a little prophecy on my own. In a short time the Germans will begin to flatter us again. They have flattered the French in a fussy manner, and the French have laughed them to scorn. They have flattered the Russians, tempting them to a separate peace, and the Russians have raised the eyebrows and ignored the temptation. Soon will come our turn. Already the hymn of hate is cold mutton. Already this very officer laments that we are much more savage than they are. You just read what Asquith says, while their "Chancellor does not state before all the world that our ultimate object is the destruction of the armed power of England or the suppression of her naval dominion."

HE does not say so now, and he himself has always picked his words, but Germany has made it quite clear she means to have Britain in the dust and "the freedom of the seas restored." But for a time there will be silence about all that. We shall be buttered up thick, there will be an attempt to detach us in sentiment from our Allies, while strange voices in neutral countries, AND IN THIS COUNTRY, cry for peace.

AT the same time, the campaign in America goes on. Now the situation in the States is very complex, and to vituperate President Wilson is as silly as it is unpatriotic. Wilson is the head of a neutral country, not the Governor of a British Colony, and, whatever his private opinions, it is his duty as the chief officer of a democracy to follow rather than to dictate to public opinion. German money has been poured out like water. German intrigue, in the form of lying propaganda, bomb outrages, and secret intervention in Mexican affairs has been unceasing. Yet, in spite (or, shall we rather say because) of all that, American indignation is becoming more and more intense. There seems nothing new in the President's speech on the latest German Note, yet its tone is more militant, and its reception was warm.

IT is the intrigue in England we have most to fear. We have to be on our guard against the flattery of the Hun. We have to look with increased suspicion on any man like Clifford Allen, who says that the time has come for the discussion of terms. The time has not come, and never will have come, until the power of Germany has been broken.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.



Echoes of the Town.

Compulsion Prospects—Mr. Balfour And Civil Servants' Day—Butler's Dress—Barrie's Latest.



The Friday Cabinet.

A FRIDAY CABINET always means important business, and the general impression is that an agreement has been come to as to what Mr. Asquith is to say on Tuesday. Don't be too sure that he will have a "for the rest of the war" policy to announce. Circumstances alter cases, and he has had some experience of the danger of mortgaging the future, but I think we may take it that general compulsion is not one of the things which he will foreshadow.

And Tuesday's Statement.

THE feeling grows among M.P.s that Mr. Asquith will give chapter and verse for retaining the voluntary system for the time being, at any rate. If this should be the case, the Unionist War Committee, despite the ardent compulsionists among its members, are not likely to proceed with the motion which has been put down by Sir Edward Carson.

Mr. Balfour's Work.

I'M TOLD that the sudden rescission of the Treasury Circular with regard to the Eight Hours' Day for Civil Servants was due to the personal intervention of Mr. Balfour.

Tribute To Mr. Bonar Law.

A VERY striking testimony of the great esteem in which Mr. Bonar Law is now held in Parliament came from an unexpected quarter recently. I hear that an unofficial deputation of Labour M.P.s saw him this week on the recruiting question, and urged him not to leave the Government should the compulsion issue come to a crisis. I do not know what his reply was, but I learn he was much moved by this appreciation of his services in the National Government, coming as it did from some of his fiercest political opponents in the old days.



Ready For May Day.

EXCISE OFFICERS just now are visiting cinemas and theatres. But don't become indignant—this is not another Civil Service scandal. They are merely collecting particulars of the prices of admission at places of entertainment for May Day purposes. Of course, no definite instructions have yet been issued as to how the tax is to be collected.

M.P. Who Pulled The Labels Off.

IT WAS Mr. Jerry McVeagh who piloted the effervescent soda-water bottles safely into the tax harbour unlabelled. He found a number of protesting mineral-water manufacturers wandering more or less helplessly about the Lobby trying to find some member to give them advice. In double quick time Mr. McVeagh had them in the Library concocting a letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. A deputation to the Chancellor must be the next thing.

A Quick Deputation.

THEY suggested calling a meeting of the trade, by which time the tax—and the labels—would probably have been on. He said it must be now, so they formed themselves into a deputation on the spot, and insisted that Mr. McVeagh, despite his protests, should introduce them. So in they marched; and now they are all doubtless drinking Mr. McVeagh's health in their own soda-water (with or without, as the case may be).

Officers Who Advertise.

AFTER a period of comparative calm, the officers-in-advertisement-columns scandal has sprung up again. In a famous morning paper yesterday I noticed that about half-a-dozen subalterns wanted to borrow money, two wanted to be taken for motor drives, one to matinees, and another wanted to be sheltered, and fed free of charge in congenial company for a fortnight. As for the "lonely lieutenant" who wants "correspondence"—he's innumerable.

"Wanted, A Chum.

BUT one of the funniest appeals of all was this—"Varsity man (28), ineligible, wants real chum." If a man can't get a pal without advertising for one, Heaven help him. And what sort of individual would offer himself in cold blood as a "real chum" in such a manner? There are indeed strange people in the world.

Grandfather Shames Slackers.

HERE'S a case to shame the slackers and to give the conscientious ones an opportunity of exercising their pondering faculties as well as their consciences. I know of a wounded and gassed soldier in hospital at Harrogate slowly getting better, whose one ambition is to get back to the trenches. He was a miner for thirty-six years, and has three grandchildren. As soon as he heard the stories from Belgium he tried to enlist, but was refused, as he's fifty-six. He tried again, saying he was forty-six, and was again refused. At last he was taken as thirty-six. He has been offered his discharge and pension, but won't have them.

An Ardent "Soul."

LADY GLENCONNER has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, and such a distinction fits well so ardent a "soul." She is herself an authoress, and wrote "The White Wallet" and other books. All her life (she is a daughter of the late Mr. Percy Wyndham) she has been used to clever people and artistic surroundings. The Glenconners' house in Queen Anne's-gate is famous for the taste displayed, and the beautiful things in it, and Wilsford Manor, Salisbury, is a charming old-world spot. Lord Glenconner, who is the first Baron, is a brother of Mrs. Asquith, being, in fact, one of the "Tennants" who gave rise to the well-worn wheeze about the Premier's kindness as a landlord.



(Lafayette.)

It would seem that, after all, there is a possibility of the Government's appeal for economy in dress proving a success, for a great pillar of the British Constitution, the butlers, is setting a worthy example. Yesterday, when I visited a baronet, who is not exactly poor, I was surprised to see that the butler appeared to be wearing a dress coat of the early 'eighties, a double-breasted, blue serge waistcoat and a pair of shepherd's plaid trousers. He should have had a "Bad Form in Dress" poster hung prominently on him to complete the effect.

"Good Form" Among Butlers.

AT ANOTHER house, I am told, there is a footman, no longer resplendent in green and gold, smalls and pumps, but clad in a dress suit two sizes too big for him, and sidespring boots. Had his face only been blacked he would have recalled the great days of the Mohawk Minstrels. I suppose the real minstrel boy to the war had gone, and this man was "carrying-on" in his clothes.

Like A Nigger Minstrel.

CLANRICARDE Treasures. I WONDER what will be done about Lord Clanricarde's collections. It would be a very difficult business to disperse them at anything like their real value during the war. And their real value is something with a good many noughts at the end of it. His greatest treasure was the "Hercules with the diamond sword," brought back by Lord Canning from India—one of the three great Cinquecento jewels of the world, though, I believe, this particular jewel is an heirloom.

A War Fashion.

A FRENCH poilu at Victoria gazed in amazement yesterday at a woman's hat, which, barring some weird-looking roses, was an exact copy, in colour and shape, of his own bullet-proof helmet.

A Blue Outlook.

THE TRICK of my Tommy who discarded his hospital blue in a bus will avail him no longer. Have you seen the strip of blue on the arm of sick men's greatcoats? Ask any Tommy what it means.

He Had Heard Father.

HERE is an authentic child story. Jack had been hitting his younger brother with some leather reins, so they tied up the four-year-old desperado with his own instrument of torture, and left him in a nursery chair. Two hours later, his mother came back and found Jack walking about the room. "Where are your reins?" she inquired sternly. "I've burned the damn things," was the equally stern reply.

Two Epigrams.

HERE is the latest epigram from the tribunals: It's a wise son that is starved by his own father. And this from Flanders: Evil communications corrupt good fire trenches.

Another Earrie "Surprise."

FROM a strictly dramatic point of view the only item of interest at the Y.W.C.A. matinee at Drury Lane yesterday afternoon was another Barrie "surprise" playlet. These are appearing just now with increasing frequency but decreasing value. "Shakespeare's Legacy" was a sketchy attempt to prove that self-sacrifice will make a woman beautiful.

Lily Elsie's Task.

IT introduced a quarrel in costume between Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots, Lily Elsie with a Scots accent and the task of attempting to raise a laugh by having to refer to "Gladys Lohr" and "Marie Cooper," and a couple of rather forced allusions to the war and the Shakespeare Centenary. Poor stuff.

Sir George's Contribution.

OTHERWISE the matinee was certainly a success. The Queen, with Princess Mary, Prince John and Prince George, was in the Royal box, and the Duke of Hamilton, Sir James Barrie, Lady Arthur Paget, Lady Randolph Churchill, and other well-known folk were to be seen about the theatre, which was full. Louis Parker's topical spectacle was most impressive, real Tommies and munitio girls taking part. George Robey obviously amused the Queen immensely (he always does), Dennis Eadie and Charles Hawtrey appeared, the Divine Sarah recited, and Sir George Alexander announced the financial result.

Colonel Drury's Versatility.

COLONEL W. P. DRURY, who appeared on Thursday as a sort of prosecuting counsel in the case of Princess Adolf von Wrede, is more famous in another and more pleasant and peaceful walk of life. As Major Drury he wrote several successful plays, the most famous, perhaps, being "The Flag Lieutenant," which Cyril Maude produced at the Playhouse. He knew what he was writing about, since he was in the Royal Marine Light Infantry himself, and saw some active service, being in command of the Marines of the Camperdown and Astræa when they strafed the Bashi-Bazouks in Crete in 1898. "A Privy Council," "The Admiral Speaks," and several delightful novels are included in the literary output of the gallant and versatile Colonel.



(Eggar Ward.)

Soldiers' Wills.

A LETTER from a soldier which has just been proved as his will draws attention to the important fact that soldiers and sailors on active service are outside the usual law of last wills and testaments. They can, in fact, express their wishes just as they like with or without witnesses, signed or unsigned, chalked on a box, written in the dust, or even by word of mouth. All the law requires is some evidence of the last wishes.

What You Can't Do With Notes.

HOW LONG is it since you saw a sovereign? I have just seen three—"fancy that," as Hedda Gabler's husband used to say. But they were stuck together, the inside of one raked out, and the result was one of the most exquisite little watches I have ever seen. You can't do that with Treasury notes.

Sovereigns That Don't Stick.

BY THE WAY, how do you make sovereigns stick together or stick to anything, or anybody? I could never do it.

Offical Economy.

LONDON'S staidest newspaper—the London Gazette—has gone in for war economy. In the recent issues the names of regiments are abbreviated, presumably to save time, type and paper. The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, for instance, now become the "Arg and Suth'd Highrs."

Business In The Mess.

BEFORE THE war a certain class of tradesmen had a happy time with the unbusinesslike Army man of those days, and many an account was sent in and paid three or four times. It was as easy as being a tradesman at Oxford. But now your sharp-practice milkman or grocer is as likely as not to run up against a nasty snag in the form of a solicitor-subaltern or an accountant-captain who has taken on the treasurership of the mess. Now accounts are only paid once. MR. COSSIG.

From The Front



The Hon. H. C. Alexander, home on leave, riding Turkish Prince in the Kildare Hunt Plate.

FROM SPLINT TO SPRINT: SOLDIER PATIENTS' SPORTS MEETING.



A dash on crutches. Snapshots of the athletic meeting at Ramsgate yesterday.



The merry mummers mounted on their mokes. The competitors were mostly patients from the Granville Canadian Special Hospital. Even men on crutches took part in the sports.—(Daily Sketch Exclusive Photographs.)



Handicapped by skirts. Even men on crutches took part in the sports.—(Daily Sketch Exclusive Photographs.)

THE ARMY'S EARS.



The telephone wires between the lines need constant repairing, a work which is attended with much risk.

SOCIETY ACTRESSES AT REHEARSAL.



Society actresses rehearsing for Lady Greville's Drury Lane matinée. (Left to right): Lady Levinge, the Hon. Mrs. Alan Mackenzie, the Hon. Mrs. R. Bethell, Lady Oranmore and Browne, and Miss Skeane.—(Hoppé.)

A GOLD LACE GOWN.



An evening gown of gold lace over finely-pleated organdie. The corsage is of cerise taffeta.—(Wyndham.)

HOME ON LEAVE.



"Guesswork" is home on leave from the front. He was in the retreat from Mons, and since then has done splendid work at our listening posts near the German lines.

WHY?—IF GERMANY REALLY HAS PLENTY OF FOOD.



This photograph of a travelling municipal kitchen in the suburbs of Berlin throws a significant light on Germany's food problem. The authorities are supplying fourpenny hot meals to the poor, who are very thankful for this small mercy.

THE INDIAN INTERPRETER.



Sergt.-Major Frank Bacon, a veteran of 40 years' service, is an Indian Army interpreter.—(Bassano.)

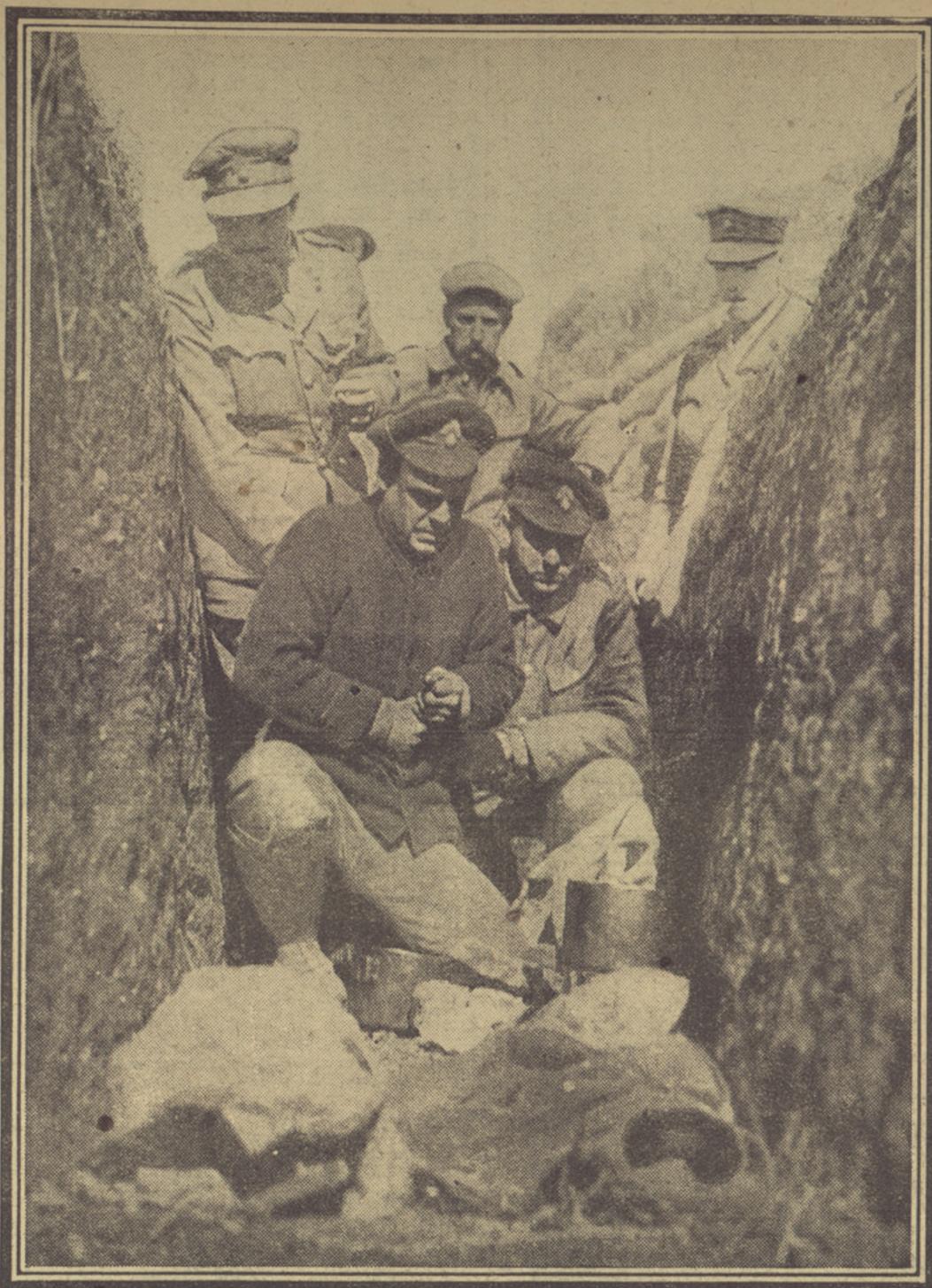
FROM PRIVATE

AFTERNOON TEA IN THE TRENCHES.

FOR SOUTH AFRICA



Lieut. Russell joined the London Rifle Brigade as a private. He won his commission on the field, and has been awarded the Military Cross.—(Vandamm.)



Tommy is always ready for a cup of tea, and always carries some kind of tin can in which to make a "drum up" or brew. In the trenches it is—next to the rum issue—the event of the day.—(Official Photograph, Crown Copyright Reserved.)



The Hon. Mrs. Wilton Fox is working for our South African troops. She is in charge of the workrooms in Piccadilly.—(Vandyk.)

A CHARMING HEROINE.

OFFICER FOUND SHOT.



Miss Peggy Rush, the heroine in "The Mayor of Troy," to be produced at the Haymarket on April 22.—(Hoppé.)



Major L. Matteson, of the A.S.C., who was found shot in his room in Jermyn-street.—(Sarony.)

HIS RECREATION.

HOW SHE HELPS.



Frank Curzon leaves the cares of theatre management to watch his horses exercising.



With the British Army in Salonika. Officers and men are eagerly awaiting the German attack, confident of giving Fritz and his Bulgar comrade an exceedingly warm reception.—(Official Photograph, Crown Copyright Reserved.)



A little Surrey girl who, with her school friends, is attending to the allotments of men in khaki.

MONKEY BRAND.



CHIVALRY REVIVED WITH MONKEY BRAND.

*I look upon escutcheon bright,
And conjure visions of a knight
Whose foes did bite the dust.
Though we have many foes to-day,
We've knights in millions, and I say
Their shields shall never rust.*

For Happy, Bright Reflections use Monkey Brand. It makes Copper like Gold, Tin like Silver, Paint like New, but it

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

Monkey Brand is also prepared in powder form under the name of Powder Monkey. For some parts of the work Powder Monkey is handier than Monkey Brand. Both should be in every household.

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"makes" the appetite.
A delightful breakfast tonic.

ROBERTSON'S
—only Makers.

THIS WONDERFUL MAGNETO BELT

has made Thousands of Sufferers Strong, Healthy and Vigorous.

I will Send YOU **1/** (See Coupon Below)

A QUICK WAY TO GOOD HEALTH.

"If you desire to get back your health, shake off your depression, strengthen your will-power, and feel the thrill of 'New Life' in your body, let me send you one of my Magneto Belts.

"The price of my Belt is not £5 (although many people have written to say that it is honestly worth double that amount). The price is only 5s., and I do not even ask you to send me 5s. at first.

TEST IT AT MY EXPENSE.

"I want you to test the Belt first by actually wearing it, and so I say to you send me 1s. only, and I will send you the Belt by return of post. I have made this offer thousands of times and thousands of men and women lacking in health and strength and vitality have responded to it, and write and tell me they bless the day when they first put on the Magneto Belt.

"Remember, there are thousands of men and women who were at one time weak and ailing but who are now fully restored to vigorous, active lives through wearing my Magneto Belt. Will you still struggle on against ill-health when the means of complete recovery are so simple, so easily obtained? A P.O. sent to-day brings to your door that which may mean new life, new happiness, new vitality. My Magneto Belt can be worn next the skin or over the undershirt. Even the very first day the wearer notes a building up of vital strength and confidence. The Belt can also be worn all night, and when worn continuously night and day the restoration of strength and fitness of every physical power is more rapid."

CALL AND SEE ME.



"New Life." COUPON. Post To-day.

To Mr. AMBROSE WILSON,
(12) Allen House, 70, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London.

Simply write your FULL Name and Address on a piece of paper, fill in your waist measurement, pin Coupon to paper, and post it to me at once.

Please send me a "Magneto Belt" on approval. I enclose 1/., and if I do not return Belt within seven days I will pay you the balance of 4/- either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/.

Size of my waist is inches.

NOTE.—Foreign and Colonial Orders must be accompanied by the full amount and 1/- extra to pay postage.

FOR SALE. To be sold at Ward's Horse Repository, Edgware-road, London, on Tuesday, April 18, without reserve, the property of "Evening Standard," 4 useful Horses, from 7 to 11 years old, 6 carts, and 3 sets of Harness, etc

MISCELLANEOUS SALES. DAVIS and CO. (Dept. 110), 284, BRIXTON-ROAD, LONDON.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE OF UNREDEEMED PLEDGES of every description at less than one-third original cost price. WRITE FOR LIST OF 5,000 ABSOLUTELY GENUINE BARGAINS POST FREE.

ALL GOODS SENT ON 7 DAYS' APPROVAL. BUSINESS TRANSACTED PRIVATELY BY POST.

13/6—GENT'S 18-ct. Gold-cased KEYLESS LEVER WATCH, improved action, 10 years' warranty; timed to a few seconds a month; also double-curb Albert same quality, with handsome Seal attached. Week's free trial. Together, sacrifice, 13s. 6d.; approval before payment.

7/6—Diamond and Sapphire Doublet Half Hoop Ring, claw setting; large lustrous stones; great sacrifice, 7s. 6d. Approval.

10/6—LADY'S 18-ct. Gold-cased KEYLESS WRIST WATCH, perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; will fit any wrist; genuine bargain, 10s. 6d. Week's trial.

35/-—Valuable violin; magnificent Strad. model; lovely-toned instrument, in perfect condition, with fully-mounted bow, in fitted ebony case, complete; sacrifice, 35s.; approval.

8/6—MASSIVE CURB CHAIN PADLOCK BRACELET with safety chain; solid links, 18-ct. gold (stamped filled), in velvet case; sacrifice, 8s. 6d. Approval willingly.

22/6—GENT'S superior quality Navy Blue Serge Jacket suit; well made, latest fashion, unworn; 38 1/2 in. chest, 36 in. waist, 31 1/2 in. leg, genuine bargain, 22s. 6d.; worth £3 10s.

45/-—PHONE, solid oak cabinet, with 10 in. turn-table; powerful improved "Symphonetta" tone arm and sound box, with six 10 in. disc tunes, genuine bargain, 45s.; approval.

12/6—GENT'S Massive Double Albert; 18-ct. Gold (stamped filled), solid links, curb pattern; approval.

4/9—GENT'S 17s. 6d. Oxidized Keyless Lever Watch, perfect timekeeper; non-magnetic action; 5 years' warranty; week's free trial; sacrifice, 4s. 9d. Approval.

16/6—ARMY SERVICE WRIST WATCH, solid nickel silver in dust and damp-proof case, with luminous dial (time can be seen in the dark); reliable timekeeper, warranted 10 years; genuine bargain, 16s. 6d.; worth 42s.; approval.

4/9—PRETTY NECKLET, with heart pendant attached, set Parisian pearls and turquoises, 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case; sacrifice, 4s. 9d. Approval before payment.

14/6—LADY'S handsome 18-ct. GOLD-CASED KEYLESS WATCH EXPANDING BRACELET; fashionable pattern; will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; sacrifice, 14s. 6d.; week's trial. Approval willingly.

12/6—LADY'S very handsome long NECKCHAIN or watchguard; exceedingly choice pattern; genuine 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled, in velvet-lined case; great bargain, 12s. 6d. Approval before payment.

22/6—GENT'S tailor-made DARK TWEED JACKET SUIT, superior quality; fashionably made; 38 in. chest 35 in. waist, 31 1/2 in. leg; never worn; sacrifice, 22s. 6d.; approval.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 110), LICENSED PAWNBROKERS, 284, BRIXTON-ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

BABY'S LONG CLOTHES; 50 pieces 21s.; lovely and of high quality; a genuine bargain; instant approval.—Mrs. MAX, The Chase, Nottingham.

BABY'S Magnificent Long Clothes.—Very superior; exquisite home finish; 50 pieces; everything necessary; 25s., worth £4 4s.—Mrs. ASHLEY, 27, Brazennose-street, Manchester.

CAUTION—Genuine CHLORODYNE. Each bottle of this well-known REMEDY for COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, RHEUMATISM, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, bears on the stamp the name of the inventor, Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE. Of all chemists, 1/3, 3/4, 5/.

CHINA, Earthenware. Assorted Crates, 21s. 6d., 40s., 50s. Lists free.—REGENT FINE ART POTTERY, Hanley.

MEDICAL. ELASTIC STOCKINGS, Abdominal Belts, Rubber Bandages, etc., Catalogue Free.—Denny Elastic Hosiery Works, York.

FOOT JOY.—Thompson's Corn Plaster Joy quickly cures Corns, Bunions, and Swollen Joints; large sheet, post free, 1s. 2d.; only from M. F. THOMPSON, Homoeopath, 17, Gordon-street, Glasgow. Beware of substitutes.

SPECIAL NEW AID TO BEAUTY.—"Why use rouge that is immediately detected?" Become the possessor of a lovely colour that will not be detected from natural. Write, enclosing P.O. 4s. This is perfectly genuine.—Mrs. Meredith, 5, West View, Rainough, Prestwich.

HEALTH RESORTS. LANDUDNO.—Invigorating, sunny; grand orchestra; tours, illus. Guide (post 2d.). D.S., Town Hall.

TO LET. GOOD Stabling Accommodation to Let. Apply on premises, Doughty Mews, Guilford-st., Gray's Inn-road, W.C.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

IS SOCIETY BOUND TO TOLERATE HIM?

The Rev. R. J. Campbell deals in an article of wonderful power with the position of the conscientious objector. He discusses a complaint, like the one raised before a tribunal a day or two ago, that the objector is being persecuted, and proceeds to deal with the question whether individual conscience has any rights.

COMPULSION ALL ROUND. SIR E. CARSON'S DEMAND FOR EQUAL SERVICE.

Mr. George A. B. Dewar, editor of the "Saturday Review," and one of our foremost writers on the compulsion question, discusses Sir Edward Carson's indictment of the present system of recruiting and his advocacy of equal sacrifice.

THE GREAT UNMARRIED.

A striking article discussing the problem of celibacy and the remedies, including proposals for the uplifting of marriage, as expounded by Mr. Walter M. Gallahan in his new book.

FRENCH M.Ps. WITH JELLYCOE.

Impressions of the visit of the French Senators and Deputies to the Grand Fleet are described in a telling article by a member of the party.

In addition are pages and pages of pictures—all the latest news—the most interesting "gossip"—the most authentic fashion notes and pictures in to-morrow's

ILLUSTRATED

SUNDAY HERALD

Ask your newsagent to reserve you a copy. ONE PENNY.

OPERA.
ALDWYCH THEATRE.—Grand Opera Season. **MAGIC FLUTE**. To-morrow, at 8 (opening night of season), **MADAME BUTTERFLY**. Mon.; **MAGIC FLUTE**. Tues., April 18; **TALES OF HOFFMANN**, Wed., April 19; **LA BOHEME**, Thurs., April 20. No performance Good Fri. **TALES OF HOFFMANN**, Sat. Mat., April 22; **MADAME BUTTERFLY**, Sat. Evg., April 22. Prices, 10s. 6d. to 1s. 6d. G. 2515.

THEATRES.
AMBASSADORS—Third Edition of "MORE," by H. Gratian. Evg. 8.30. Matinee Thurs and Sat., at 2.30.
COMEDY THEATRE—Sole Lessee and Manager, Arthur Chudleigh. **LAST PERFORMANCE, SECOND EDITION, "SHELL OUT!"** by Albert de Courville and Wal Pink. Every Evening, at 8.45. Mats., Mon., Fri., and Sat., 2.45.
NOTICE—Mr. Arthur Chudleigh begs to announce to the public that The Moss Empires, Ltd. (London Hippodrome), are solely responsible for the Entertainment now being given at the Comedy Theatre.

DRURY LANE—Arthur Collins presents D. W. Griffith's Mighty Spectacle, "THE BIRTH OF A NATION." Twice Daily at 2.30 and 8 p.m. Prices 7s. 6d. to 1s. Tel. Gerrard 2588.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE RE-OPEN.
Easter Monday, April 24th.
TWICE DAILY, 2.15 and 7.45 p.m.
Week Commencing April 24 } Seymour Hicks, Ellaline Terriss and Co. in "Broadway Jones." Ernest C. Rollis' Revue, "The Other Department." BOTH ATTRACTIONS AT EVERY PERFORMANCE.
Week Commencing May 1 } Robert Courtneidge's Co. in "The Pearl Girl." Fred Karno's Revue "Hot and Cold." BOTH ATTRACTIONS AT EVERY PERFORMANCE.
Box Office NOW OPEN (10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Daily). Book now in person, or by post, telegraph or telephone. 7/6, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, 2/6, 2/-, 1/6, 1/-. For seats under 3/- an advance booking fee of 6d. extra is charged. Phone Holborn 6840 (8 lines). Managing Director, OSWALD STOLL.

VARIETIES.
A HAMBRA—First Night, Wed., April 19th, at 8 p.m. Geo. Grossmith and Edward Laurillard's new Revue, "THE BING BOYS ARE HERE."
GEORGE ROBEY and ALFRED LESTER as the BING BOYS; **VIOLET LORAIN** as the girl "EMMA"; **PHYLLIS MONKMAN, ODETTE MYRTIL, JACK MORRISON, BERTIE ADAMS, MAJIDE ANDREWS, PEARL GREY, JACK CHRISTIE, REGINALD CROMPTON, the GRESHAM SINGERS**, etc. Matinee Wed., Sat., and Easter Monday.

COLISEUM. At 2.30 and 8 p.m. **SARAH BERNHARDT** in "UNE D'ELLE." Raymond Rose's Co. in "Arabesque." **FLORENCE SMITHSON, ODETTE MYRTIL, FRED LINDSAY, HYMACK**, etc. Ger. 7541.

HIPPODROME, London—Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m. New Revue, "JOYLAND!" **SHIRLEY KELLOGG, HARRY TATE, YETTA RIANZA, BERTRAM WALLIS, CHARLES BERKELEY**, and Super Beauty Chorus.

PALACE—"BRIC-A-BRAC" at 8.35. **VARIETIES** at 2. MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.

PALLADIUM—2.30, 6.10, and 9 p.m. Miss RUTH VINCENT, Miss HETTY KING, Miss CLARICE MAYNE and "THAT" JACK NORWORTH, CARMEN TURIA, GEO. MOZART, PHIL RAY, JAY LAURIE, DE MAEST, TOM WONG TROUPE, etc.

What Women Are Doing:

A Fashion Hint
Sale in Grosvenor Square
The Women's Volunteer Reserve.

By MRS. GOSSIP

WHY is it that in the spring time there is always an epidemic—no, not of influenza—but of floating veils?

This year they are for the most part accompanied by toques, wreathed with either gilt, silver or iridescent leaves. Why do women do these things? Don't you know, my dear women readers, that hanging veils age the very youngest wearer, and that small, kittenish toques poised on fairly large heads and faces are never becoming at any age?

You must possess a petite countenance to really look charming in small headgear.

Influenza!

I regret to hear that the Princess of Monaco is suffering from a severe attack of influenza. The Princess has resided at Claridge's Hotel since the outbreak of the war, and has been one of the most indefatigable helpers, both in giving of her time and money in every charitable cause.



Her Serene Highness is beloved by a vast number of English people, not a few of whom have benefited considerably by her boundless generosity. The Princess is a great and kindly lady, and here's wishing her a speedy recovery.

For A Good Cause.

The Three Arts Women's Employment Fund were at home at Mrs. Cazalet's beautiful house in Grosvenor-square on Thursday afternoon.

Candle shades, cuddley dolls, and various animals were on sale there.

The Princess Marie Louise, in a dark suiting with smoked fox furs, came to see and buy, and also to have tea, which, by the way, was excellent.

Miss Elizabeth Asquith, in dust-coloured cloth, was selling, as were a great many more, including Mme. Clara Butt, in black taffeta and a small green toque, and Lady Alexander, in a beautiful gown of blue and mauve with hat to correspond.

A Striking Likeness.

Miss Lilian Braithwaite, in black, had her daughter with her, looking attractive in Wedgwood-blue, and so like her clever mother.

Mrs. Cazalet was in Havana-brown taffeta and a straw hat, tulip trimmed. Lady Maud Warrender and Mrs. Gerald du Maurier, who, by the way, has just moved into a new house at Hampstead, were also busy selling.

Miss Ellen Terry and her sister Marion, Miss Margaret Cooper and Miss Phyllis Broughton were enthusiastic helpers.

Racing In Ireland.

Princely Puchestown, which has been aptly described as "the Carnival of Kildare," though shorn of much of its former glory owing to the war, was nevertheless a cheery meeting.

On the opening day the sport was excellent, Bridget writes me, and the course in fine order. A number of officers were present from the Curragh, although there was, of course, no entertaining done by them and none of the usual house parties.

The Marchioness of Conyngham looked well in a long moleskin coat, Lady Florence Bourke wore a green suiting, the Hon. Mrs. Dewhurst was in dark brown and skunk furs, Lady Goulding in black, with a coat of pony skins, and Mrs. Wynne-Jones was wrapped in lovely sables. Indeed, it was a "furry" Puchestown, the weather being very cold. The Earl of Enniskillen came from Harristown with Mr. and Lady Annette La Touche.

And Visitors.

Lady Mary Plunkett, who has been nursing in England for some time, has returned to Killeen Castle with the Countess of Fingall.

Lord Clanmore has joined the Countess of Wicklow at Shelton Abbey, Arklow, for the holidays.

Lord Holmpatrick's short leave is over, and he has returned to his regiment from Abbots-town, his place near Dublin.

Bravo!

I hear that Miss Elizabeth Asquith is well pleased with the result of the "takings" at the Baroness d'Erlanger's house on Tuesday, when everybody went to the reading of the poets, £420 being realised.

The Fashionable Cigarette.

I lunched at the Carlton with Kitty, and a host of other well-known people were there, too. The Grand Duke Michael was with the Countess Torby and their elder girl. The Countess was enjoying a cigarette after lunching, as were a great many others. I caught sight of Lord Charles Montagu, Lady Frederick Cowen, in black and white, with white fox furs, Miss Gertie Millar, Miss Mabel Sealby, and Mrs. Godfrey Tearle.

A Bob And A Promise.

Do you know that 1,000 women workers are needed for the Women's Volunteer Reserve? What are all you womenfolk doing that there should be such an outcry for capable help, when by every post I get letters asking me, "What can I do to help my King and Country?"

Now's your chance! Just send a shilling for enrolment, and promise to attend at least two drills a week, and you can become a member of the W.V.R.

The Colonel-in-Chief.

The Marchioness of Londonderry is Colonel-in-Chief, and is, I am told, not in the very least averse to wearing uniform, in spite of an incorrect assertion in one of the Sunday papers.

Lady Londonderry, when speaking at Tunbridge Wells for the Women's Volunteer Reserve, was wearing the uniform of the Women's Legion, which is similar to that of the W.V.R.

Cars Wanted.

Mrs. Charlesworth, colonel commanding, tells me that motor-cars of any description, with or without drivers, for transport of wounded soldiers, are needed. Constant appeals are being received from hospitals, and there are not half enough cars to do the work.

Do offer your car to the W.V.R., and you will not be using it for pleasure only. Sixpence a mile for petrol can be paid to those running their own cars.

Use For Cast-off Khaki.

And just one word more. There are a few people who seem to think that uniform for the female sex is unnecessary. Believe me, it is not.

It is a great help to women workers, and don't for one moment think that khaki, if worn

by women, is being confiscated from our soldiers. The khaki worn by them is the material which has been found unsuitable for our Tommies.

The "Old Vic."

Miss Lilla Dunbar, whose photograph is given here, not only spreads abroad the news of what is being done at the "Old Vic." for the two weeks of Shakespeare to celebrate the tercentenary, but is also playing in "Julius Cæsar."



MISS LILLA DUNBAR. (Hoppé.)

Miss Viola Tree has often played her name part in "Twelfth Night" at the Old Vic., where behind the scenes you may meet all manner of distinguished people, as well as in the audience.

Lady Maud Warrender, the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Di Manners, the Asquiths, and Ellen Terry, all enjoy a two-shilling stall there.

Miss Dunbar has done a great deal of voluntary work for the Old Vic. Everybody helps, and only the repertory company, a small band of players, are paid. All the rest of the work is given.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. GROVES (Stourport).—You will find the addresses in the Englishwoman's Year Book.

PHYLLIS (Hightown).—Write for price list. IGNORAMUS (Pontefract).—You can wear it all day long by the sea or in the country, with a serge or linen skirt; they are very fashionable for day wear only.

A. EDWARDS (Festiniog).—I am afraid I cannot help you: so sorry.

E. M. N. (Reading).—Many thanks for your charming letter and lovely box of flowers, which arrived beautifully fresh.

"A CONSTANT READER" (Lower Clapton).—Write to Private Stephen Flynn, 11276, No. 5 Company, 6th Yorkshires, B.M.E.F., Egypt.

"DERBYSHIRE".—Your answer was under "M. Standing."

M. GOMER (Bowes Park).—Very sorry, but I have no wool.

CANADIAN (Ramegate).—I will send her address as soon as possible.

TAFFEY (Pontypridd).—Write to Wyndham's Theatre, W.C.

MRS. GOSSIP.

Making a meal nice is only half the battle,—making it nutritious is more important still.

"Nice" and "Nutritious" have joined forces in BIRD'S Custard.

It is so nice that a spoonful served with rice, sago, or tapioca pudding will always tempt the "difficult child," and the plate is cleared instantly.

And in itself BIRD'S Custard is so nutritious that, when served quite alone, it satisfies the appetites of the hearty, romping children. **Insist on**

Bird's

the Nutritious

Custard

No substitute can be so pure or so wholesome.



HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY!

Don't waste crusts and stale bread, use them to make a Bread Pudding and serve with BIRD'S CUSTARD as a HOT sauce. It's so delicious that the children require no coaxing to eat it, and it does them good.

BIRD'S Custard is sold in pkts, boxes and large tins.

"PSYCHOLOGICAL" ASPECT OF LAY PREACHER'S FRAUDS.

15 Months' For Man Who Made Too Many Promises Of Marriage.

DELIVERED AN ADDRESS IN THE BISHOP'S PRESENCE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BATH, Friday.

A case, which counsel said presented an interesting psychological aspect, came before the Bath Recorder at the Quarter Sessions to-day, when Griffiths Llewellyn Jones (45), married, formerly a well-known tradesman in the city, pleaded guilty to a series of frauds on women to whom he had promised marriage, afterwards, during courtship, borrowing freely from them to help purchase the home.

He was sentenced to 15 months' hard labour.

From one woman, it was stated, Jones had £40 and from another £16, all she possessed.

All the time he was living with his wife, though he represented himself as unmarried, publishing a matrimonial advertisement describing himself as a widower with an income and no encumbrances.

Jones was formerly a prominent figure in the religious life of the city, being a lay preacher and licensed lay reader.

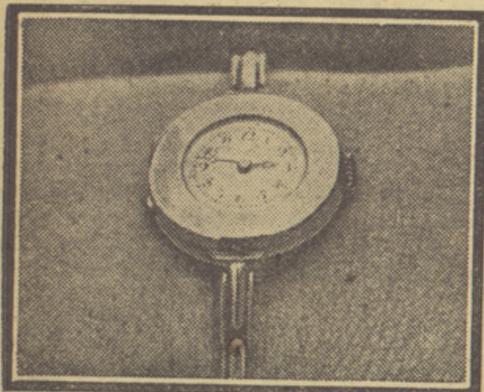
Counsel said that up to a few years ago Jones did a great deal of good work in Bath, but then suddenly switched off into another channel. He came from Wales, and was possessed of the industry and eloquence associated with natives of that country.

He once gave an address in the presence of the Bishop of Bath and Wells at the dedication of a Memorial to Prebendary Rogers.

In extenuation it was stated that Jones used the money he got for household expenses, and not in riotous living. There was no evidence of impropriety with any of his victims.

The Recorder said he had been guilty of frightful hypocrisy, and had perpetrated very despicable and mean frauds on very simple people.

LOST IN LEAMINGTON.



18-CT. GOLD KEYLESS LEVER WATCH, No. 300597, on **GOLD EXPANDING BRACELET.** Watch marked inside back of case L9177. Anyone returning to 6B, MONTAGU MANSIONS, LONDON, W., will be liberally rewarded.

THINGS ARE SELDOM WHAT THEY SEEM.



Imitation beer is only the culminating point of a series of deceptions which began in the cradle.

YOUNG SYMONDS KNOCKED OUT.

Young Joe Symonds (of Plymouth) ex-fly-weight champion, was knocked out by Tom Noble (Bermondsey) in the sixth round of a 15-round contest at Plymouth last night.

The inhabitants of Belgium celebrated the birthday of King Albert in spite of German orders.

OUR CIGARETTE FUND.

5s.—Parlour Company, Hare and Hounds, Hindley (74th contribution). 2s.—Mrs Miller, Bearsden (65th weekly contribution). 1s.—M. M. Stott, Notting Hill.

To-night the French Senators and Deputies now in London will attend the 125th performance of "L'Enfant Prodigue" at the Kingsway.

THE KAISER'S BOAST.

"This Time It Is The End: Peace Will Be Signed In Verdun."

According to the *Petit Parisien* the Kaiser has tried to reassure his troops by the following message:—

In 1871 the treaty of peace was signed in Paris.

Go forward, beloved soldiers.

This time it is the end. The treaty will be signed in Verdun.

French reports ridicule the German excuse that the relative pause at Verdun is due to "adverse weather conditions." They attribute it to the decreasing power of the offensive.

WALL-STREET WAR TALK'S EFFECT.

In the Stock Exchange yesterday a sharp fall occurred in American securities on Wall Street war talk, but there was very little business passing in the market. Argentine Railway stocks developed increased weakness, and Central Argentine was dealt in down below 75. There was also a fall in the stocks of the Mexican Railway Company.

Consols and War Loan stocks were unchanged, while French National 5 per cent. Bonds fell to 85. Rubber shares remained active and firm, and there was a run on Royal Dutch shares on rumours of a bonus distribution. Shells closed buyers at 5.

LIVERPOOL COTTON.—Futures closed firm; for American, 4 1/2 to 2 points up; for Egyptian, weak, unchanged, to 5 points down.

AMERICAN COTTON (close).—New York 2 to 6, and New Orleans, 4 to 6 points up. Tone steady.

THE FOOTBALL CARD.

LONDON COMBINATION.—Arsenal v. Millwall, Queen's Park Rangers v. Tottenham, Crystal Palace v. Clapton Orient, West Ham v. Reading, Croydon Common v. Brentford, Fulham v. Watford, Luton v. Chelsea.

LEAGUE: MIDLAND SECTION.—Bradford City v. Leeds City, Huddersfield v. Barnsley, Rochdale v. Bradford, Hull City v. Lincoln City, Rotherham v. Sheffield United, Sheffield Wednesday v. Grimsby, Chesterfield v. Notts County, Leicester Fosse v. Derby County, Nottingham Forest v. Stoke.

LEAGUE: LANCASHIRE SECTION.—Burnley v. Blackpool, Bury v. Southport, Preston North End v. Bolton, Liverpool v. Manchester City, Manchester United v. Oldham Athletic, Stockport County v. Everton.

ORDINARY MATCHES.—Southampton v. Royal Flying Corps, Birmingham v. R.A.M.C., 4/7th Middlesex Regt. v. 3rd Scots Guards (Champion Hill), Y Div. Police v. Specials (Charity match), 3.0 (Tufnell Park), Walthamstow Grange v. A.S.C. (Lea Bridge-road), Nunhead v. A.P. Corps, R.N.D. (Crystal Palace) v. R.N.D. (Blandford), Leytonstone v. Inns of Court O.T.C., 3/1st Signal Co. R.E., v. 3/1st East Anglian Field Co., R.E. (Maidenhead), Wessex R.A.M.C. v. Liverpool Scottish (Maidstone).

RUGBY UNION.—N. Zealanders v. S. African Infantry (Queen's Club), Mr. W. J. Trew's XV. v. "Anzacs" (Swansea).

FOOTBALL AND THE NEW TAX.

A conference to discuss the new tax on amusements in its relation to football will be held at the offices of the Football Association, 42, Russell-square, W.C., on Tuesday afternoon, when representatives of the Board of Customs and Excise will meet officials of the governing bodies of the Association and Rugby games, with the object of making arrangements for the collection of the tax.

BILLIARDS (close).—Newman (4n play), 16,351; Gray, 15,863.

Joe Po.—100 to 14 (o after 8 to 1 t).

Jim Coffey knocked out Jack Geyer in the fifth round at New York on Thursday.—Reuter

Arsenal will play the Rest of London Combination in a match for the benefit of the family of Benson (Sheffield United). The date has not yet been fixed.

Subscriptions among the angling societies of the United Kingdom have produced a sum sufficient to procure two Red Cross motor ambulances, which will be formally presented next month.

A ladies' lacrosse match between combined Internationals and Osterberg and Bedford Training Colleges, in aid of the Scottish Women's Hospital for Foreign Service, will be played on the Richmond Athletic Ground this afternoon, starting at three o'clock.

Walking's a pleasure

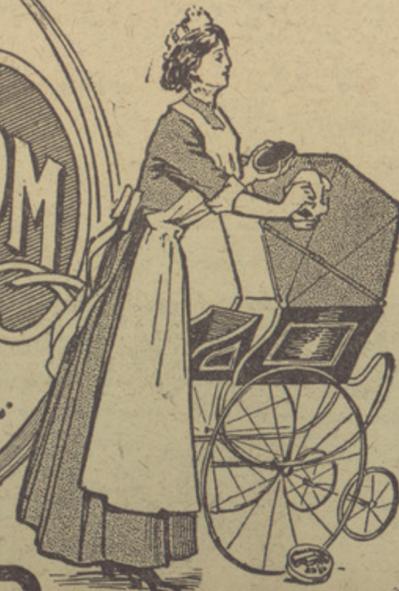


To all who use
**CERRY BLOSSOM
BOOT POLISH.**

It makes the boots so flexible, supple and comfortable, preserves the leather and prevents cracking. Applied to the soles, as well as the uppers, it makes the whole boot waterproof. The brilliant shine it imparts gives an additional smartness and neatness to all footwear.



HOODS and BLACK ENAMELLED PARTS of Perambulators, Motor Cars, etc., should be cleaned with Cherry Blossom Boot Polish. It gives a quick brilliant gloss and prevents cracking.



CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

is sold in Black, Brown and TONETTE, the new dark stain shade, which gives the correct colour to tan boots and leather military equipments. Tins 1d., 2d., 4d. & 6d. Of all Dealers. Chiswick Polish Co., Ltd., Chiswick, London, W.

THE LOVE CHEAT.

Serial Story Specially Written for the Daily Sketch.

By YELVA BURNETT.

The Grim Spinster.

Betty and Miss Maddox stood measuring glances, but Betty resolved to carry matters with a high hand, even though all the odds were against her.

"It seems a thousand pities that we should quarrel, Miss Maddox, but perhaps, according to your present point of view, a break is inevitable. I have had to bear many an insult, but—when it comes from you it hurts abominably."

The spinster smiled grimly. "It drives me wild to have to speak to such as you at all!" she answered.

Betty smiled. "I sympathise with you more than you guess, I can't help being what I am, but you don't understand that, yet I can see you'd like to bite me if you dared!"

"Thanks; I wouldn't touch you with a pair of tongs, Mrs. Chevonne."

"I hope not, for you'd be sure to spoil my dress. If one may inquire your intentions, what are they?" "I shall denounce you," the other replied.

"She's certainly got her ears back," Betty thought. "She reminds me of a vicious mare—or, no, that's an injustice to the mare. She's more like a strangled rabbit."

Miss Maddox, who, as companion to her bachelor brother at Maddox Court, was accustomed to a position of distinction and respect, was exceedingly provoked by Betty's insolent carriage.

"You are just what I expected—a vulgar, ill-bred, flashy impostor."

"Then my dress makes no impression in my favour? Oh, dear, I hoped so much it would!" observed Betty with her head on one side. "But really it does seem as though it adds to the weight of your displeasure."

Miss Maddox snapped her fingers. "With your frock, theatrical as it is, I thank heaven I have nothing to do. I am speaking to you, Mrs. Chevonne, prompted by no personal pleasure."

"Spite, then?" queried Betty; "but I refuse to believe that an old faithful friend of my mother's could be spiteful."

The spinster uttered an incoherent ejaculation. Mrs. Chevonne glanced at the door.

"I suppose the others will be coming down pretty soon. I wonder how they will like seeing us glaring at each other like a pair of wild cats. It promises to be a sensational evening. I am quite excited. I love sensations." She lowered her voice. "How people do misjudge one, to be sure; here we are fencing about a matter which vitally concerns my honour. Supposing we stop this peeping and peering; suppose I confess to you that I am no blood relation to the Rear Admiral?"

"If only someone else were in the room, your statement might be invaluable, Mrs. Chevonne; unfortunately we are alone, therefore you waste your breath. I should think you clever and wicked enough to have a forged birth certificate up your sleeve at this moment, but whatever the guarantee of your present position may be you cannot deceive me, for I was with dear Mrs. Starre at the last. I followed her to her grave; she was buried beside her little son in a London cemetery; I could take the poor old Rear-Admiral to the exact spot to-morrow if I wished."

"Madame, there is nothing in the world to prevent you; but don't do it too suddenly, unless you wish to be responsible for his death."

"Confide In Me."

Miss Maddox seemed startled. "What do you mean?"

"I would like you to prepare him gradually for this crisis; he isn't well, that's all," answered Betty gently; "but perhaps you have already told him I am no daughter of his."

"I have done nothing yet; when the Squire informed me that you, whom I expected to meet as Vivian's fiancée, had declared yourself to be Richard Starre's daughter, I was too overcome with pained amazement to say a word to the contrary. I only saw him for a moment before he hurried up to dress. While I sat here I decided to do nothing until I had seen you."

"That gives me a little time, doesn't it?" Betty observed. "From my heart I thank you."

Miss Maddox raised her hand. "Please don't do anything of the kind. My painful duty is evident. At the first opportunity I shall tell poor Richard that he has been imposed upon—but what puzzles me is the reason for your brazen audacity! Do you imagine that the Rear-Admiral has a fortune to leave you? He has nothing beyond his pension, which is withdrawn at his death."

"You are really most charitable," Betty remarked, "but I am not as avaricious as you suppose. I have more than sufficient for my wants," she added, lying skilfully. "My late husband made some sound investments, which keep me well provided for."

Miss Maddox, naturally kind-hearted and lenient to all save the dishonest, and a faithful friend when her interests and affection were engaged, studied Betty with frank perplexity. She saw before her a clever, dangerous, and beautiful woman, such a one who could hoodwink most men with the greatest ease and dexterity.

"What is your object?" she inquired bluntly. "I would like to discover that before I do anything."

"Why should I tell you, Miss Maddox? It will not lessen your cruel purpose of bearing witness against me."

"Let that stand over for the moment; please confide in me, Mrs. Chevonne."

Betty sighed and cast down her eyes; a touching melancholy stole over her face; when she raised her lids she looked as though she were about to weep. She clasped her hands loosely, standing easily in her gown of silver and green. Whatever her character might be, her charm could not be denied.

A Clever Story.

"I presume," said Betty, "that you are one of the few women who has never made a single slip—whose past is quite open to inspection?"

"What do you mean?"

Betty went to the window. "Don't look at me, please, Miss Maddox," she said pleadingly. "I am too ashamed." She laid a hand on the wide, soft curtain-folds, smoothing them with her fingers. Only her profile and shoulders were visible to Miss Maddox—soft as a cameo, made more appealing by the droop of Betty's head.

"My mother," Betty said slowly, "was secretly married before she met the Rear-Admiral. That's why I look older than I profess to be. I was born twelve months before my mother married Rear-Admiral Starre. He never knew—there were reasons why she dare not tell him. I do not blame her—she is dead, and it is all so long ago." Betty looked round at Miss Maddox; her eyes had the gloom of a grieving child. "I am not the Rear-Admiral's daughter, but his wife was my mother!"

Miss Maddox looked as though she had been struck by a flash of lightning. "You—Rachel's child—you? And not Richard's! Is it possible? Go on, tell me all, but it's incredible!" Betty bowed her head.

"Her love for my father was her first romance—the fleeting infatuation of immature girlhood. It soon passed—he was not a good man—they grew to hate each other. He abandoned my mother before I was born."

"And where were you when Rachel met Richard Starre?" Miss Maddox interposed.

"In the care of kindly people," Betty replied. "My mother had resumed her maiden name and obtained work as a governess. Richard Starre fell in love with her, and she with him, and it was because she loved him so well, and could not bear to lose him, that she dare not confess that she was already a wife."

"Poor, poor Rachel!" Miss Maddox murmured. "News came at last that my father was dead."

Betty went on, "and my mother and the Rear-Admiral married, the secret still undisclosed. All this I learned when my mother came to see me, shortly before her death, and long after the Rear-Admiral's disappearance in Egypt. On this—her last visit—she told me her tragic story, imploring me to greet her husband as my real father should he ever return to England. Mother said to me almost with her last breath: 'Never let him know the truth, Betty. It would break his heart to know I was not the fresh, unspoilt young girl he thought me when first we met.'"

As Miss Maddox hearkened her face, at first flaming with anger, became almost wax-coloured. Betty saw that she looked pinched and spent, as though guilt lay heavy upon her own soul.

"Mercy on me!" she whispered through her teeth. "Was that other man—was he Jack Moore? Was your father Jack Moore?"

Betty answered softly, though she had never heard of Jack Moore, "Yes, Miss Maddox."

The spinster trembled, again her dress crackled. "I thought he—loved Rachel too well to marry her secretly and abandon her," she said. "You are not to judge him," Betty said, sternly. "At least, not in my presence."

An Enemy Becomes A Friend.

Miss Maddox gave her a new look; it was one almost amounting to reverence. "Does anyone besides myself—know—?"

"Nobody," answered Betty.

"Oh, Rachel, Rachel," sobbed Miss Maddox. "How often did I try to win your confidence? I knew you had a sad secret, my poor friend, my poor friend; I suspected that Jack Moore carried your heart in his breast, but never for a moment—" The spinster paused.

Betty could scarcely conceal her triumph. Miss Maddox went up to her with outstretched hands.

"Mrs. Chevonne—Betty—will you—can you pardon all the cruel things I said to you?"

"With all my heart, provided you keep my secret."

"Oh, for her sake and for yours I will never mention a word—I couldn't, the Rear-Admiral would suffer horribly."

"I think he would die, or go mad," said Betty. "For you see he has learnt to love me."

"And no wonder; you are charming. You and Vivian must come over to Maddox Court and stay with us as long as you like. There is no need to tell my brother anything, he has become very absent-minded, and can never remember other people's affairs."

Betty heaved a sigh of relief. The door opened. The Rear-Admiral stumbled into the room. The Squire's snowy shirt front showed behind him. Miss Maddox went forward with tears in her eyes to meet the dead Rachel's husband.

Mrs. Gimp Makes A Discovery.

It chanced that while several persons awaited the thunder of the dinner-gong downstairs, Mrs. Gimp above stairs was visited by an irresistible temptation.

Felix had aroused her curiosity by her voluble descriptions of Mrs. Chevonne's frocks and jewels. Mrs. Gimp, by nature a busybody, saw no reason why—the coast being clear—she should not refresh herself with a glimpse at Mrs. Chevonne's possessions.

She was wily in her passage across the corridors, for it would never do for Felix to come upon her unawares. But she reached the widow's bedroom without mishap, and, having shut the door, went straight to the wardrobe.

Here, for some moments, she was much affected by the expensive glitter and sheen of Betty's finery, but having seen all there was to see she went to the toilet table. The slim cut glass with the carved ivory lids were very fine indeed, she decided, and here, near to hand, was an open jewel-case of solid silver, plush-lined and holding a gorgeous display of precious stones.

There was a circular tray which Mrs. Gimp did not scruple to lift; underneath she saw a small envelope; it was addressed in pencil to Miss Betty Cotwood, Novelty Theatre.

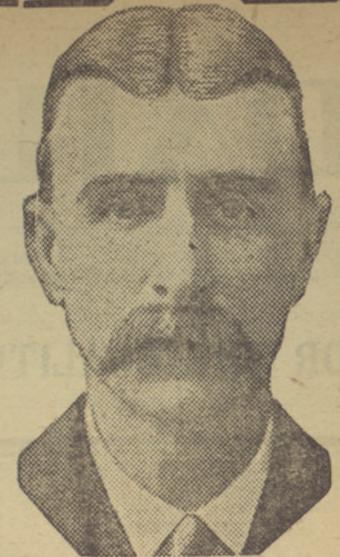
"Cotwood?" muttered Mrs. Gimp, agape over her discovery. "What does this mean?"

She hurriedly scanned the corners; some words were difficult to make out, because she had left her spectacles in her room, yet she managed to decipher a good many, enough to show her the nature of the document, a proposal of marriage from Cecil Chevonne to Betty Cotwood.

"What's all this?" muttered the housekeeper. "What's all this? Betty Cotwood? If she's Rear-Admiral Starre's daughter, what's she doing with the same name as Cotwood, the maid?"

Mrs. Gimp padded across the room, the little letter crushed in her hand, this hand concealed under her black silk apron.

"Anyway," she thought, "this letter is well worth my keeping!"



Our Portrait is of Mr. J. G. Vale of 202, Waleran Buildings, Old Kent Road, London, S.E., who writes.—

"It is with much pleasure I write to let you know I have been completely cured by your Clarke's Blood Mixture. I had been a

Great Sufferer from PILES for Seven Years

and I tried several advertised cures without any benefit. Then I was advised to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' and after taking five small bottles was quite cured. It is ten months since the cure, and there has been no return. I shall recommend it to all I know, and shall be pleased to answer any inquiries, as I cannot speak too highly of 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.'"

If It's Any Disease Due to Impure Blood

such as Eczema, Scrofula, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Glandular Swellings, Boils, Pimples, Sores of any kind, Piles, Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Gout, &c.

Don't waste your time and money on useless lotions and messy ointments which cannot get below the surface of the skin. What you want and what you must have to be permanently cured is a medicine that will thoroughly free the blood of the poisonous matter which alone is the true cause of all your suffering. Clarke's Blood Mixture is just such a medicine. It is composed of ingredients which quickly expel from the blood all impurities from whatever cause arising, and by rendering it clean and pure can be relied upon to give speedy relief and lasting benefit.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

By Reason of its Remarkable Blood Purifying Properties is universally recognised as

THE WORLD'S BEST REMEDY FOR SKIN & BLOOD TROUBLES

Clarke's Blood Mixture is pleasant to take, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age.

Sold by all chemists and stores, 2s. 9d. per bottle (six times the quantity 11s.).

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

(Do not miss Monday's instalment.)



THE

"Vanishing" help

Help for the Spring cleaning is now so scarce that it is perilously near the vanishing point, therefore it behoves ladies who would see their homes clean and sweet to hunt out the old gloves and set about the work themselves.

But Spring cleaning loses all its dread and disadvantages if POND'S VANISHING CREAM is kept handy to counteract the ill effects of scouring, polishing, and unaccustomed labour.

Just a touch of POND'S Vanishing Cream night and morning on the hands, face and neck, and the skin is wonderfully soft and supple, delicate and sweet, with the lingering fragrance of Jacqueminot roses, and when applied it is gone instantly, leaving not a trace of grease, stain or stickiness.

Apply POND'S Vanishing Cream to your hands; it will remove all traces of roughness, caused through household duties, of which so many ladies complain.

Free Trial Tube for 1d. stamp for postage.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. Sold in 1/- Tubes and 1/- and 2/- Jars, of all Chemists.

POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 24.)
71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

Pond's Vanishing Cream

Bournville

COCOA

"OF EXCEPTIONAL FOOD VALUE"

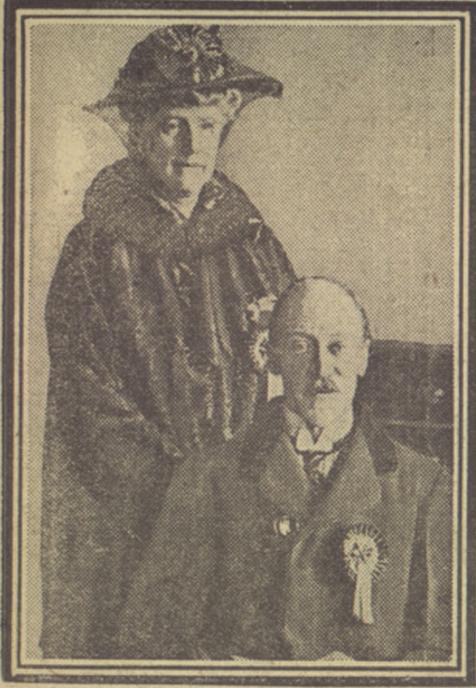
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FOR YOUR MAN AT THE FRONT.
The publisher of the *Daily Sketch* will send the weekly edition (six days' papers bound in picture wrapper) to your friend on active service for 6d. a week. This is the paper the soldiers prefer.

FOR THE COALITION



Sir Stuart Coats, the Coalition candidate for Wimbledon, with Lady Coats at the nominations yesterday.



Captain Basil Winsor, Lancashire Fusiliers (killed), was son of Kingston's town clerk.



Pte. J. Kirkham, Royal Irish Fusiliers, won D.C.M. by carrying messages 1,000 yards under fire.

M.C. FOR DARING AIRMAN.



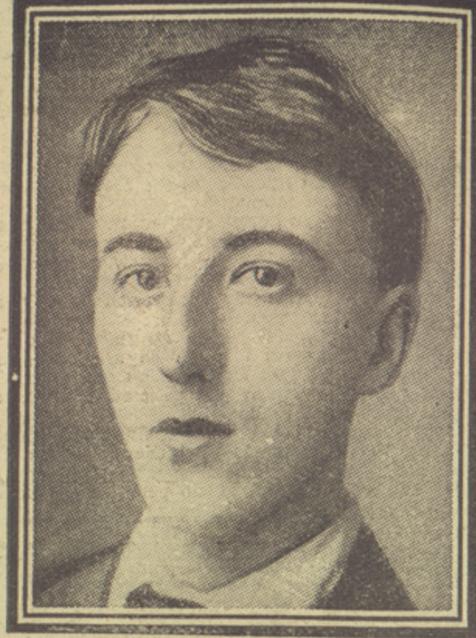
Capt. Eric Mackay Murray, R.F.C., awarded the Military Cross for daring and skill in flying

"PERCY'S" PROGRESS IN THE ARMY.



"Percy," the Conscientious Objector, who refuses to wear khaki, is making progress. He has had his hair cut—unwillingly, even forcibly, it is true—and has put his feet into Army boots. They may make a soldier of him yet!
—(Photograph exclusive to the *Daily Sketch*.)

NOT A SINGLE MAN.



Guy Aldred, a Shepherd's Bush Socialist, urged his Scottish marriage as a defence to a charge of failing to report for military service.



Col. T. D. Sewell, who has just died, was No. 1 on the roll of the London Rifle Brigade.



Com. A. S. Littlejohns, R.N., who is to be made C.M.G. to-day. —(Swaine.)

WITH "THE BING BOYS."



Maidie Andrews will appear in next week's production of "The Bing Boys are Here."—(Beaufort.)